Miſ.Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you: How am *I* miſtooke in you?

Miſ.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

Miſ.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that hee ſayes is heere now in the houſe, by your conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence, you are vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not ſo, *I* hope.

Miſt.Page. Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windſor at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a one, *I* come before to tell you, if you know your ſelfe cleere, why *I* am glad of it, but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What ſhall *I* doe? There is a Gentleman my deere friend, and *I* feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. *I* had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

M.Page. For ſhame, neuer ſtand (you had rather, you had rather) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if hee be of any reaſonable ſtature, hee may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking; Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there, what ſhall *I* doe?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
Ile in, ile in, follow your friends counſell, ile in.

Miſt.Page. What Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*? Are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer———

M.Page. Helpe to couer your Maſter (Boy:) Call your men (Miſt. *Ford.*) You diſſembling Knight.

M.Ford.

Miſ.Ford. What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*; Goe, take vp theſe cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle ſtaffe? Looke how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in Datchet meade: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come neere; if *I* ſuſpect without cauſe, Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your ieſt, *I* deſerue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

Miſ.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Bucke? *I* would *I* could waſh my ſelfe of the Buck: Bucke, bucke, bucke, *I* bucke; *I* warrant you Bucke,
And of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appeare.
Gentlemen, *I* haue dream'd to night, ile tell you my dreame, heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeeke, finde out: ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let mee ſtop this way firſt: ſo, now vncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelfe too much.

Ford. True (maſter *Page*) vp Gentlemen,
You ſhall ſee ſport anon:
Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is fery fantaſticall humors and iealouſies.

Caius By gar, 'tis no the faſhion of France:
It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

Miſ Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Miſ.Ford *I* know not which pleaſes me better,
That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ.Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

Miſ.Ford. *I* am halfe affraid hee will haue needs of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Miſ.Page Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: *I* would all of the ſame ſtraine, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

Miſt.Ford.

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